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# *Quintain*

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**Ten Cents**





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### HOMECOMING

Being the landlord of a fair estate  
 And sent abroad to serve, I take it ill.  
 Wood, water, grass, orchard, path, dip, and hill  
 Are dumb and blind. Oh service that I hate,  
 Wear thin. Be time and space annihilate. --  
 But now called back to my cooler self, I will  
 Write to my factor and will say, Until  
 I come again, fail not to cultivate;  
 Preserve, mend, beautify, hold, and protect;  
 Guard well from trespass; shelter pheasant and hind;  
 Prisoned shoot loose from vine; bough broken bind.  
 My love, your labor, thus shall intersect.  
 Returned, all distance between us gone,  
 We shall live within the manor-house as one.

RAY L. ARMSTRONG  
 Lehigh University

## THE RITE OF SPRING

I do not know the fullness of the guilt,  
Whether we blundered on a speechless thing,  
Or there was self-destruction in our will  
And we ignored it. Blame the hazards of the spring  
Season, or Adam's fall, or love in idleness.  
There is no issue from this deadly ring.

Our temple was dark of the green pine,  
And a broken wall, till once we built the stones  
Into a mound and set the pinnacle on top;  
Thinking of immemorial dance and wailing tones  
Of flute cry in the high place, of new moons,  
And summer nourished by the dead one's bones.

When the warm April came, we encountered there  
And for the first time felt the solid plane  
Of earth shift under us and almost died.  
Breathing again, took the new drops of rain  
On our hot faces, hand in hand, no word,  
Stole back through budding elder toward our bane.

Now has the swarming earth replied. The rank  
Fat grass would brush my shoulder, the great trees  
Move in the windless noon with no sound, flowers  
Uprear enormous loveliness; this garden sees  
And thinks and waits, while I in a leaguered house  
Wait too with my heart upon its chilly knees.

RAY L. ARMSTRONG  
Lehigh University

FOUR POEMS BY HELEN HOULEHAN

ENTRANCE

From the seed of my father, in the womb of my mother,  
I wait in salt silence for the moment of my birth:  
And I have known them always...  
The pain in his dark eyes will burn again in mine,  
His crisp sweet flesh is craftsman of my own;  
And I have known my mother's face,  
Her song will echo in my bone,  
And I am robed in death and love,  
The dark millennium of my race.

O rock me gently  
sing me softly  
bear me swiftly  
through the years  
O trinity in tears.

I shall see my history shattered with my baptism in blood,  
And regain the fragments slowly in the fire and the flood.



## LAMENT

Once we wandered, webbed in dreams,  
Along the holy summer streets,  
Awaiting a small sign.

Dreamer, would you walk the waves with me?  
Take my hand, invoke catastrophe?  
To bind the world in secret bonds of love?

A question of the act of faith  
Suspends belief and pain;  
Then time resumes...the streets swept suddenly  
With joremiads of September rain.

LOVERS IN WINTER

The linden tree that once you loved so well  
Is barren now and love is out of season.  
Lying lonely in your arms  
I smell the February rain,  
Unseasonably warm,  
False prophet of spring.

Should love survive the winter weather,  
Break through your eyes when buds break on the bough,  
I would not mourn my fall from grace  
Nor yet exchange my tears for absolution,  
But scorn the anger of a jealous God  
And take your mortal kiss for blessing.

MILLENNIUM MONDAY

And dawn fell starry on the zoo;  
The animals rejoiced, two by two,  
And kindred creatures sang to see us move,  
Celestial sinners, through the house of love.

Now melody moves in a minor key;  
Wailing guitar and the break of sea  
Lament the barefoot dancing child,  
Wish-wild...star beguiled.

But still the stars of sun-bright daylight flourish,  
And fall in shimmering patterns, though we perish.

HELEN HOULEHAN  
University of Michigan

SONG FOR THIS MOMENT, FOR ALL MOMENTS

We, so temporary, so classic,  
sounding a rare hour, bursting lonely summer  
with colors bright and gray,  
fled to that lost childhood  
as distant as the places wild birds know,  
captured love from hell and sleep  
with thumbless, open hands.

Our love has many things:  
gypsy hair and hair the color  
of wheat in summer afternoon,  
hair of gold and the glory of burnished copper;  
eyes of liquid sky and lonely autumn  
and voices, voices..  
flickering, terrifying shadows..

I shall sing you simply  
when I come to sing you, love;  
it will be smooth and round the song,  
a pebble rounded by the water's touch  
and clear geometry of open words.

In mourning it is but ourselves we mourn,  
these tongues we have are taught too well  
their sculptured attitudes. Byron wrote  
a poem of love and it began  
with lines of Greek that I cannot remember,  
nor the poem;  
ours is wished on water,  
circling, circling..

CAJVIN ISRAEL  
Lehigh University

FOR A DEAD BROTHER

You were a fool to take the crowded stone,  
the desolate stubble, for the image of your time;  
where ruined and withered tomb rows  
hopelessly hold joy.

I seek a scene of gentle hills  
and leave you to dark fruit and flower  
in forgotten nighttime;  
for now you move with mystery  
as in swift dreaming and in river-passings.

I would you had stood still  
until the laughter-bringing air handlocked you,  
until you found a gaily-colored flower,  
wild and unseen in newer hills of love;  
but, in day's greeting,  
would you have shown it gracefully to little children?

CALVIN ISRAEL  
Lehigh University

## WINTER ALONE

Winter alone like the sleeping bear, and  
shamble from formless sleep in season, plod  
eye-heavy through the pale globes of clover  
but winter alone and let the heart sleep.

Round the pole the formal bear stalks forever  
at his star-pinned stake, and turns the slow sky  
round, this asterisk animal moves the  
world but winters alone in his deep heart.

Half seen against the glacial snow the old  
white bear from formless birth, licked into shape  
by mother and seasons, involves the seal  
in his own destruction, but winters alone.

Half awake to spring and death the heavy  
bear, honey-drunk through the summer, stalks off  
at night through inclement weather to sleep,  
and winter alone in his own deep heart.

GEORGE CAMPBELL  
University of Leeds, England

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